

Sorrows

by Dolphin

Category: Pretender

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-06-18 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-06-18 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:22:53

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,208

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The thoughts of Jarod, Miss Parker and Sydney as they reflect on their roles in life.

Sorrows

Sorrows By Dolphin.

Disclaimer: not mine. NBC's.

Jarod sighed. He glared at the little red notebook, containing the article written shortly after his death. Despite the fact that he was proud of his little brother, the rage inside him had not quieted. A year after Kyle's death, the red notebook was damp with tears. A half-empty bottle of scotch in his right hand, a blue notebook in his left and a scowl on his face, Jarod once again cursed himself for not killing Lyle when he'd had the chance. Some times, he thought, he was just too nice. Lyle deserved to die.

But somehow Jarod knew that if he was put in the same position again, a gun to Lyle's head, he wouldn't be able to pull the trigger...even if it was to avenge his brother's death. He just couldn't kill another innocent man. Unlike the Centre. He refused to become like them.

He took a swig of the scotch. He rarely ever drank, but tonight he needed something. However, even as the scotch burned down his throat, he still found no comfort. All the alcohol did was remind him how stupid he'd been to let Kyle get in the way of the bullet. He should have somehow managed to get both of them out of the way, but he knew there was nothing that could be done about it now. The past was the past, and feeling sorry for himself wouldn't help much.

He regained his senses and glared at the bottle in his hand, then hurled it out the window. There was nothing he could do, he knew, to save his brother. The ironic thing was, his brother had died right after he'd been reunited with him. Jarod sighed, remembering the time in Boston that he'd almost been reunited with his mother and sister.

If not for the Centre...and Raines, he would have been.

Now, he wondered if he would ever see his family again. He sighed, cursing himself for drinking too much. The only thing it had succeeded in doing was ensuring that he would wake up tomorrow with one hell of a headache. He sighed, then turned off the light and rolled over onto his side without turning down the bed. Determined to forget about this self-pity tomorrow, he fell asleep, albeit fitfully, within a few minutes. Feeling sorry for himself wasn't going to help him see his family again.

Miss Parker sipped the scotch from the bottle in her hand and stared out the window, wondering how she had ended up like this. Her boyfriend had been killed, and for years she had become her best friend's worst enemy. She realized that Thomas had been killed because of her, because she'd wanted to leave the Centre. It was all her fault. Now, Jarod took off running whenever he saw her, even though they had once been best friends. Now it was her trying to leave...and being met with the same problem that he had. How could she go on chasing him when she wanted the same thing he did-freedom.

She glanced at the doorway into her mother's room and sighed. Thomas had made that door in the wall that had been sealed off for years...for her. He had known that she needed to remember the good things about her mother's life and he did something about it.

She sighed.

Her mother, Jarod, and now Thomas. They were all either dead or running...because of her. It was all because of her. She took another swig of scotch and lit a cigarette. Such bitter irony, she thought. She was supposed to get Jarod back into the Centre, but all she wanted to do was leave. That was, of course, the one thing she wouldn't be allowed to do. She glared at the picture of her with her father and Lyle...no, Bobby, she corrected herself. She still couldn't believe that murderer was her brother. He had killed Jarod's brother in cold blood, even though he'd been aiming for Jarod. Still, when Kyle got in the way, he did nothing to stop the shot...not that he could without getting himself killed or wounded, but he could have yelled at them to get out of the way. He made no attempt to. She glared at the picture again...and didn't blame Jarod for wanting to leave the hell-hole called The Centre.

And then there was Raines. That sonofabitch was a creep. She wasn't sure exactly what to make of him, she realized, even though she'd known him (unfortunately) for most of her life. I haven't seen that goon all week, she remembered saying to Broots once. She sighed, then glared at the picture of her father. Lyle was bad enough, but Brigitte? Why in the name of heaven had she kept Brigitte's little...excursion...with Lyle from her father? It would have broken up the marriage faster than someone could blink...but she hadn't told him. Even though she knew that Brigitte and Lyle had once been...involved. The thought made her sick.

She glanced at another picture, this one of her, Sydney and Broots. Despite the fact that she made fun of them constantly, she respected them both. Freud and Geekazoid, despite their flaws, were her only

real friends in that place. The only people she was absolutely certain that she could trust. Even though she knew that Syd would protect Jarod before he would bring the man in, she respected his dedication to Jarod...and found herself surprised at the fact that that dedication was returned. She knew that Jarod would save Sydney's life if he could...and that he had advised Sydney to get out of the Centre. Not bad advice, she thought as she took another drink of scotch.

Sydney sighed, wondering how long it would take before the Centre realized that his loyalty was really to Jarod, that it had been him who was helping Jarod escape so often. Once they realized that, Sydney knew, his life was over. He would be in an "accident" just like his brother had been, or he would "commit suicide" like Catherine Parker had. He couldn't help but wonder if part of Catherine's death had been his fault. Or if his brother had been helping her try to get the children out. He knew that she had been trying to get Timmy out of the Centre...and it wasn't long after of her death that Timmy had become Angelo.

Sydney sighed, wishing there was a way that he could help Jarod. Help him get away, and stay away, and bring down the Centre in the process. That place deserved to be brought down...but in his heart Sydney knew that if he tried to then he would be killed...or re-educated. He shuddered when he remembered the time he'd spent in the renewal wing.

He had to get out of the Centre, but not yet. Not until he was sure that Jarod was safe.

End
file.